

FIGHTING JETS IN ACTION I



*WING*

# STEVE SAVAGE

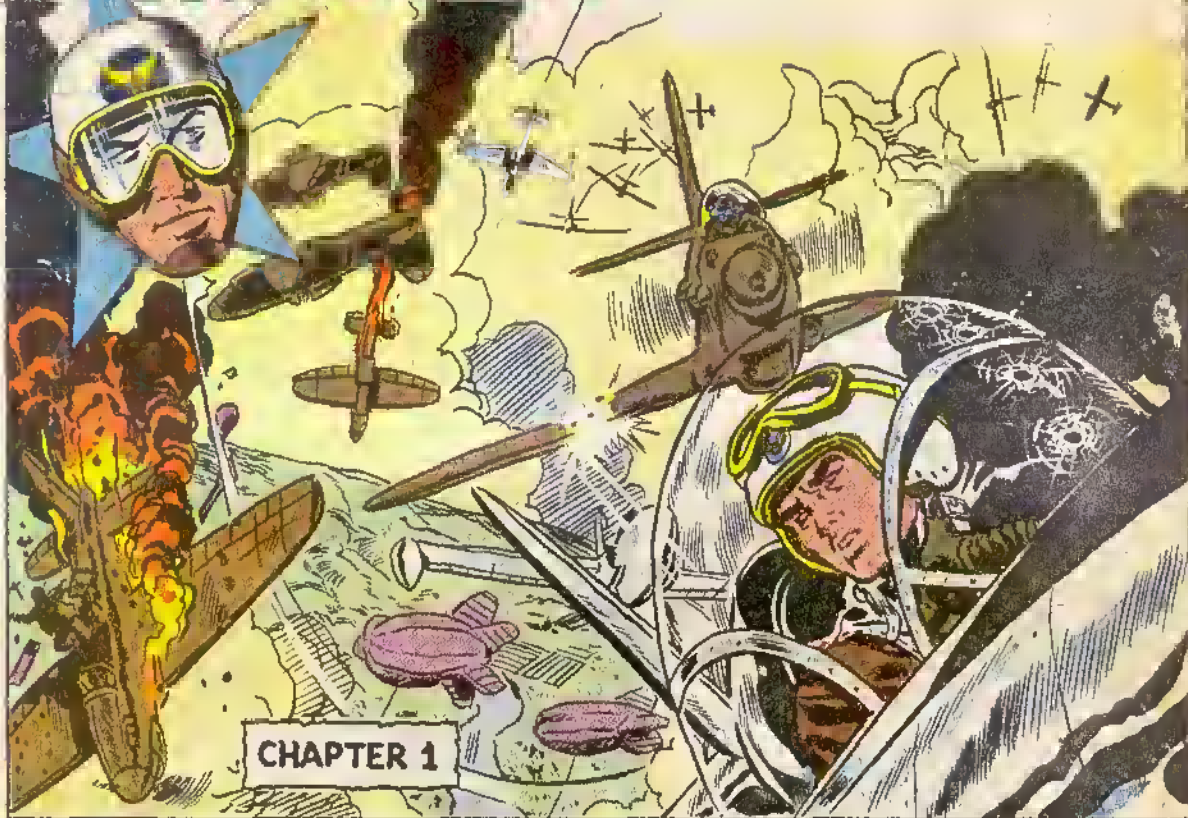




## The image features a dense background collage of vintage comic book covers. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "JETTA", "MYSTERY COMICS", "FANTASTIC TALES", "COSMO CAT", "STARTLING COMICS", "STRANGE MYSTERIES", "DARING ADVENTURES", "FAMOUS FUNNIES", "HILARIOUS", "TEEN-AGE SWEETHEART OF THE 21st CENTURY", "DUCK", "EERIE", "EXCITING COMICS", "CASPER CAT", "BARNYARD COMICS", and "STRANGE WORLDS". The covers depict various genres including superhero action, mystery, science fiction, and humor. Overlaid centrally is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a thick black outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font with a slight drop shadow effect.



# CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE

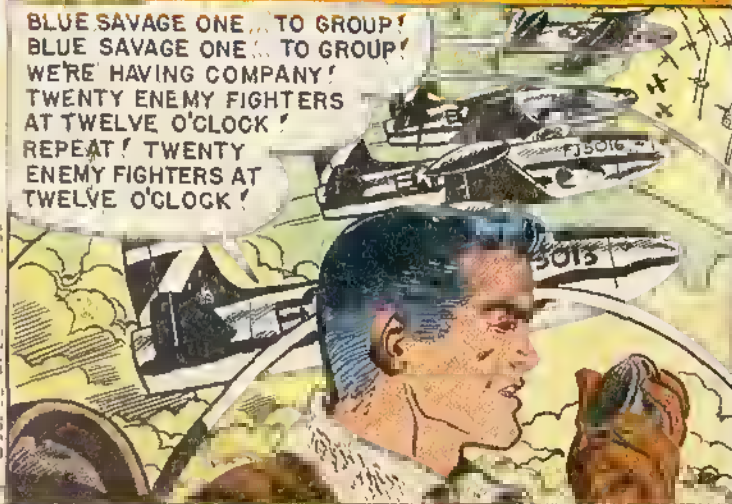


## CHAPTER 1

**CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE, ACE FIGHTER PILOT AND COMMANDER OF WORLD WAR II GOES INTO ACTION WITH HIS OLD SQUADRON**

**CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE AND HIS FIGHTER-PURSUIT GROUP, ARE ENROUTE FROM JAPAN TO REINFORCE HARD-PRESSED UNITED NATIONS FIGHTERS**

BLUE SAVAGE ONE... TO GROUP!  
BLUE SAVAGE ONE... TO GROUP!  
WE'RE HAVING COMPANY!  
TWENTY ENEMY FIGHTERS  
AT TWELVE O'CLOCK!  
REPEAT! TWENTY  
ENEMY FIGHTERS AT  
TWELVE O'CLOCK!



WE SEE THEM,  
BLUE SAVAGE  
ONE. WHAT  
ORDERS, SIR?

SPREAD OUT AND  
MEET THEM! GIVE  
THEM PLENTY OF  
HOT LEAD!  
GOOD LUCK --!

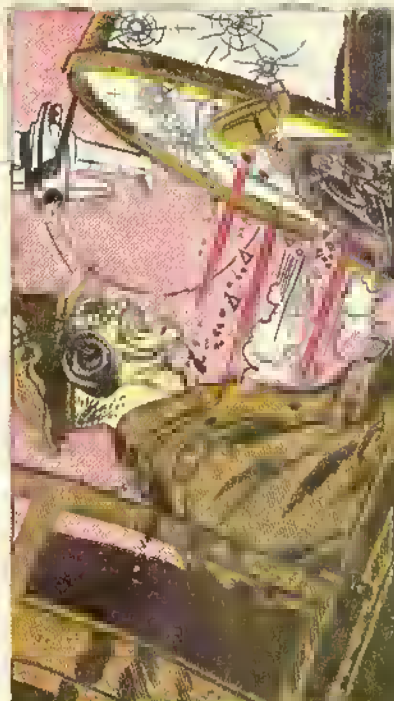


THE ENEMY PLANES SCREAM  
DOWN OUT OF THE SKIES, THEIR  
MACHINE GUNS HAMMERING  
VICIOUSLY---

YANKEE  
PIGS!  
KILL!



TWO CAN PLAY WITH GUNS,  
SO HAVE SOME OF MINE!



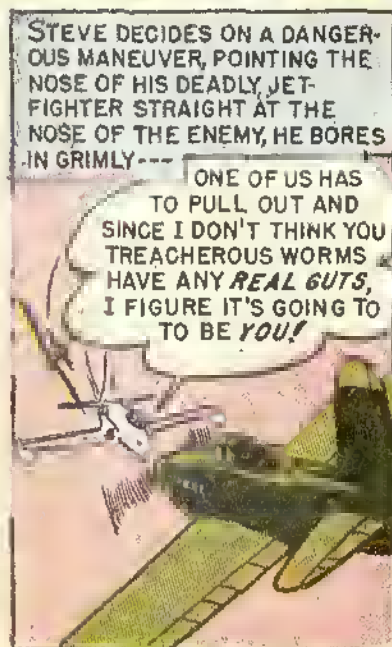
CONGRATULATIONS, COMMANDER,  
YOU DREW FIRST BLOOD. I-STEVE!  
THERE'S ONE ON YOUR TAIL,  
ANOTHER DIVING IN HEAD-ON!

THANKS, JACK, I'LL  
TAKE CARE OF THEM!

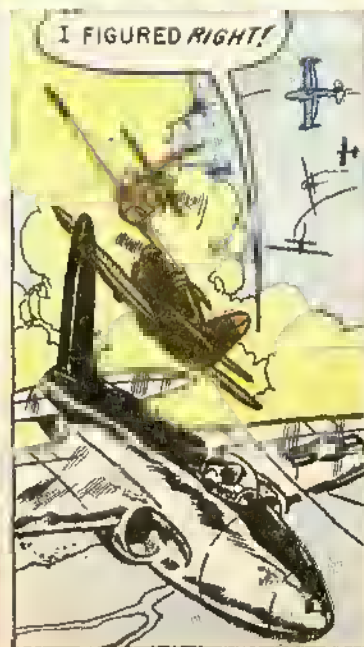


STEVE DECIDES ON A DANGER-  
OUS MANEUVER, POINTING THE  
NOSE OF HIS DEADLY JET-  
FIGHTER STRAIGHT AT THE  
NOSE OF THE ENEMY, HE BORES  
IN GRIMLY---

ONE OF US HAS  
TO PULL OUT AND  
SINCE I DON'T THINK YOU  
TREACHEROUS WORMS  
HAVE ANY *REAL* GUTS,  
I FIGURE IT'S GOING TO  
BE YOU!



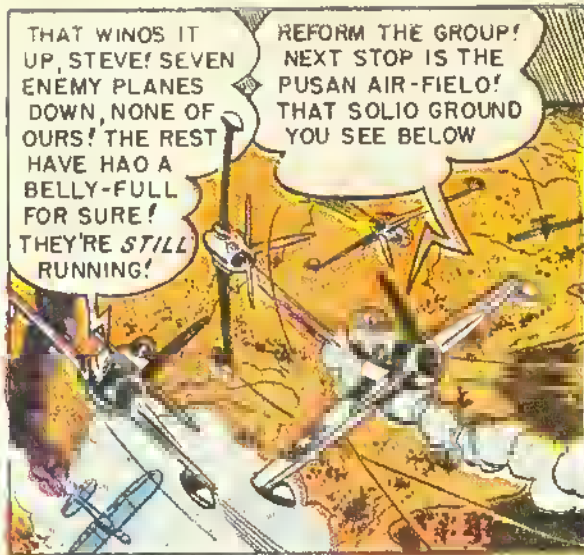
I FIGURED RIGHT!



AS THE UNNERVED ENEMY PILOT  
PULLS UP, HE MEETS THE SECOND  
ENEMY PLANE THAT WAS ON  
STEVE'S TAIL IN A HEAD-ON---

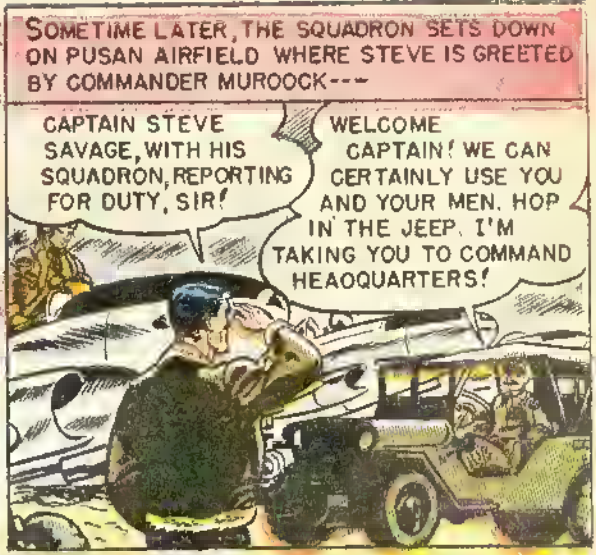






THAT WINOS IT UP, STEVE! SEVEN ENEMY PLANES DOWN, NONE OF OURS! THE REST HAVE HAD A BELLY-FULL FOR SURE! THEY'RE STILL RUNNING!

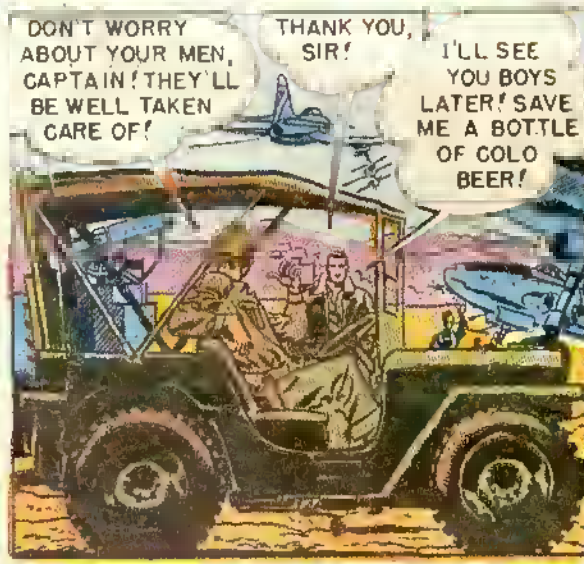
REFORM THE GROUP! NEXT STOP IS THE PUSAN AIR-FIELD! THAT SOLID GROUND YOU SEE BELOW



SOMETIME LATER, THE SQUADRON SETS DOWN ON PUSAN AIRFIELD WHERE STEVE IS GREETED BY COMMANDER MUROCK---

CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE, WITH HIS SQUADRON, REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR!

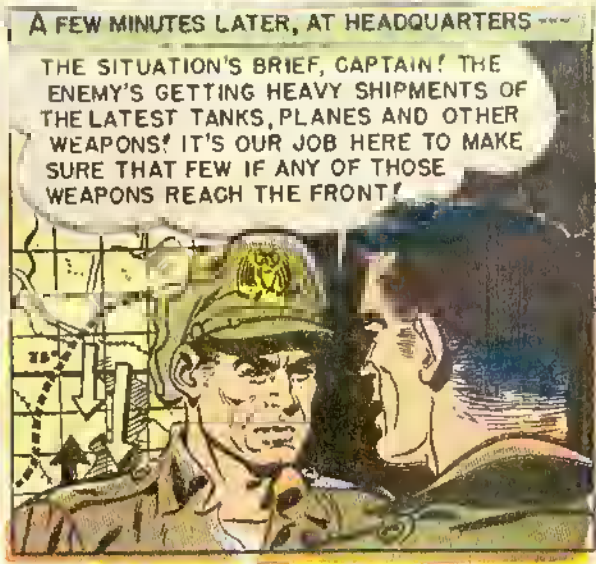
WELCOME CAPTAIN! WE CAN CERTAINLY USE YOU AND YOUR MEN. HOP IN THE JEEP. I'M TAKING YOU TO COMMAND HEADQUARTERS!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR MEN, CAPTAIN! THEY'LL BE WELL TAKEN CARE OF!

THANK YOU, SIR!

I'LL SEE YOU BOYS LATER! SAVE ME A BOTTLE OF COLO BEER!



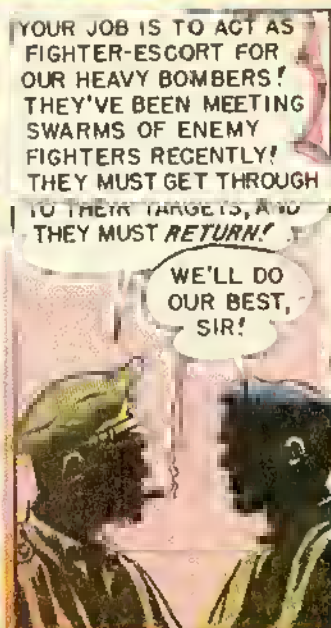
A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS ---

THE SITUATION'S BRIEF, CAPTAIN! THE ENEMY'S GETTING HEAVY SHIPMENTS OF THE LATEST TANKS, PLANES AND OTHER WEAPONS! IT'S OUR JOB HERE TO MAKE SURE THAT FEW IF ANY OF THOSE WEAPONS REACH THE FRONT!



TO ACCOMPLISH THIS, WE'RE CONCENTRATING ON THE ENEMY MARSHALLING YARDS WHERE ALL SHIPMENTS ARE STOCKPILED FOR DISTRIBUTION! WE'RE BOMBING THEM DAY AND NIGHT!

YES, SIR!



YOUR JOB IS TO ACT AS FIGHTER-ESCORT FOR OUR HEAVY BOMBERS! THEY'VE BEEN MEETING SWARMS OF ENEMY FIGHTERS RECENTLY! THEY MUST GET THROUGH TO THEIR TARGETS, AND THEY MUST RETURN!

WE'LL DO OUR BEST, SIR!



IF I DON'T THINK THAT, I'D NEVER HAVE ASKED TO SEND YOU OUT HERE! I REMEMBER YOU AND YOUR BOYS FROM NORMANDY! NOW, I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR ORDERS FOR TONIGHT!



AFTER RECEIVING HIS ORDERS, STEVE CALLS HIS SQUADRON TOGETHER IN THE PILOT'S BRIEFING ROOM, AND PASSES THEM ON TO HIS MEN---

BOYS, OUR TARGET FOR TONIGHT-- THE FREIGHT-YARDS WE'RE GOING TO ESCORT ONE HUNDRED MEDIUM AND HEAVY BOMBERS TO THE TARGET AND BACK! WE'RE GOING TO SEE PLENTY OF ACTION!

THAT'S FOR ME! ACTION'S SOMETHIN' AH JUS' CAN'T DO WITHOUT!

WELL, YOU SURE CAME TO THE RIGHT PLACE, HARRIGAN! OKAY, GANG-- LET'S GO!

SOME MINUTES LATER, AT THE AIR-FIELD, STEVE CON-FERS WITH THE COMMAND-ER OF THE BOMBER GROUP--

WE'LL KEEP PRETTY HIGH, SAY, FIFTEEN THOUSAND FEET UNTIL WE'RE OVER THE TARGET!

GOOD! THAT'LL SAVE YOU FROM A LOT OF ACK-ACK. OKAY! I'LL COVER AT TWENTY-THOUSAND! WHEN THE ENEMY FIGHTERS ATTACK, WE'LL GIVE THEM A FATAL SHOCK!

MY BOYS AND I ARE GOING TO LIVE FOR THAT MOMENT! GOOD LUCK, CAPTAIN!

THANKS, AND GOOD HUNTING TO YOU!

AS THE LAST BOMBER RUMBLES OFF THE FIELD AND INTO THE AIR TARGET BOUND STEVE'S SLIM, DEADLY FIGHTER-GROUP TAKES THE AIR--

BLUE SAVAGE ONE... TO GROUP! GROUP FOR SQUADRON FORMATION AT TWENTY THOUSAND FEET! OVER!

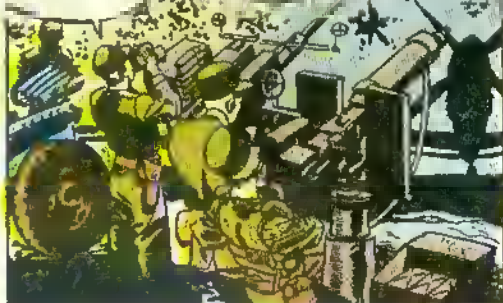
THE WEATHER REPORT PUTS A HIGH OVERCAST NORTH OF SHATUNG TO TARGET! WE'LL DUCK INTO THAT AND KEEP UNDER COVER! MAYBE WE CAN GIVE THE ENEMY FIGHTERS A SURPRISE!



MEANWHILE, THE ENEMY IS ON THE ALERT. AT AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY---

HEAVY CONCENTRATION OF BOMBERS-- HEADING NORTH!

YANKEE PLANES! THEY MAKE FOR TERMINAL



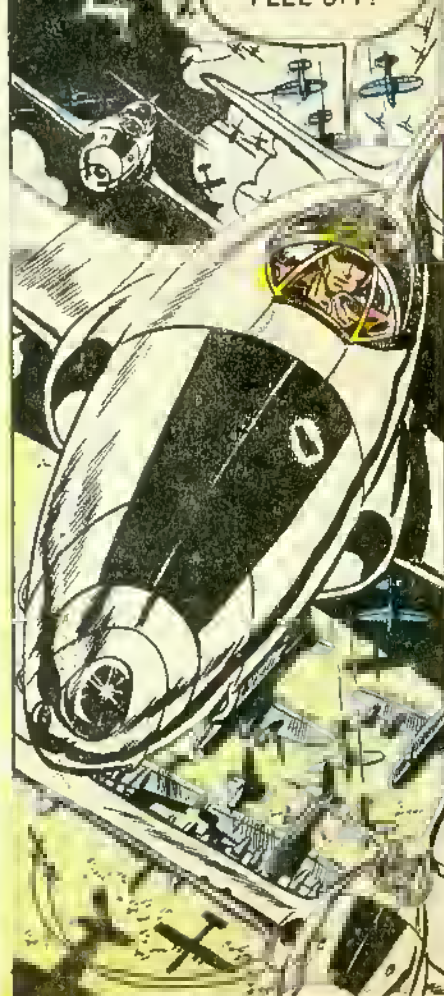
CALLING ALL INTERCEPTOR COMMANDS!  
CALLING ALL INTERCEPTOR COMMANDS!  
YANK BOMBERS HEADING NORTH  
GET ALL FIGHTER COMMANDS  
INTO AIR! SLAY YANKEE DOGS!



AND NOT MANY AIR-MILES

ENEMY PLANES!  
SWARMS OF 'EM!

BLUE SAVAGE  
ONE, CALLING  
GROUP! OUR  
BOMBERS ARE  
UNDER ATTACK!  
PEEL OFF!

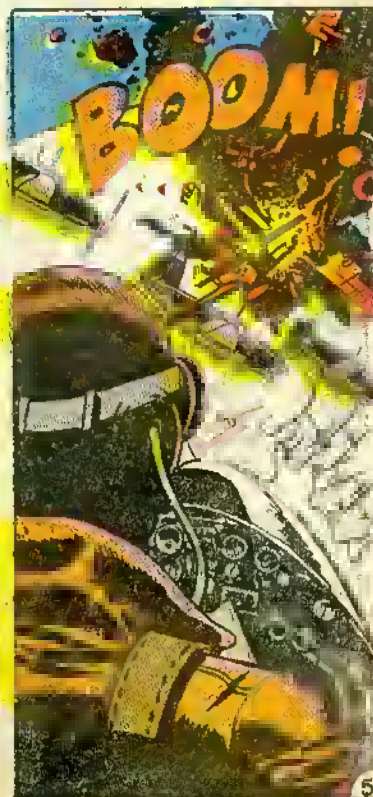


FIGHTER SQUADRON COMMAND TO  
BOMBER COMMAND! CONTINUE  
TO TARGET, CAPTAIN! WE'LL  
TAKE CARE OF THESE  
SKUNKS!



ROBER!

YOU YELLOW-BELLIES  
THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE A  
GOOD TIME SHOOTING DOWN  
UN-ESCORTED BOMBERS,  
DIDN'T YOU? WELL, HERE'S  
THE PUNCH-LINE TO THAT  
JOKE.--HOT LEAD!





MEANWHILE, THE BOMBERS ARE OVER THEIR TARGET, AND AS STEVE'S FIGHTER GROUP KEEPS THE ENEMY PLANES BUSY, THE BOMBERS DROP THEIR LOADS---

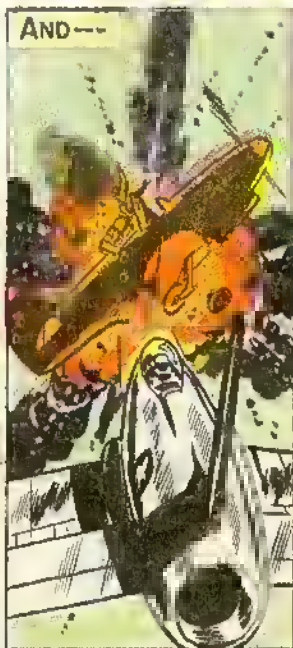


HEY, JACK, OUR BOMBERS ARE ON THE TARGET! ISN'T THAT A PRETTY SIGHT?



YEAH! I--? STEVE, THERE'S A YELLOW-BELLY ON YOUR TAIL! LEAD 'IM PAST ME! I'LL BLAST 'IM OFF YOU!

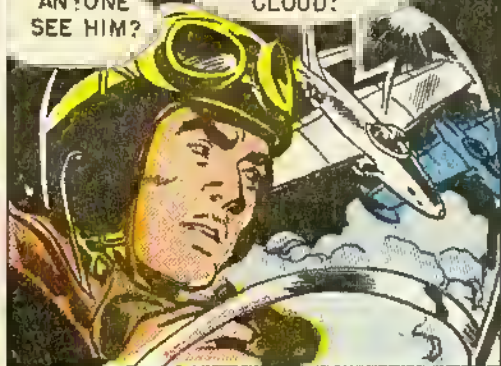
AND---



THE FURIOUS DOG-FIGHT ENDS AS SUDDENLY AS IT BEGAN! THE ENEMY FIGHTERS, BADLY MAULED BY STEVE'S GROUP, FLEE THE BATTLE, AS STEVE FINISHES HIS CHECK ON THE SQUADRON---

WE'RE ALL ACCOUNTED FOR EXCEPT HARRIGAN! ANYONE SEE HIM?

LAST I SAW OF HIM HE WAS CHASING TWO OF THE YELLOW-BELLIES INTO A CLOUD!



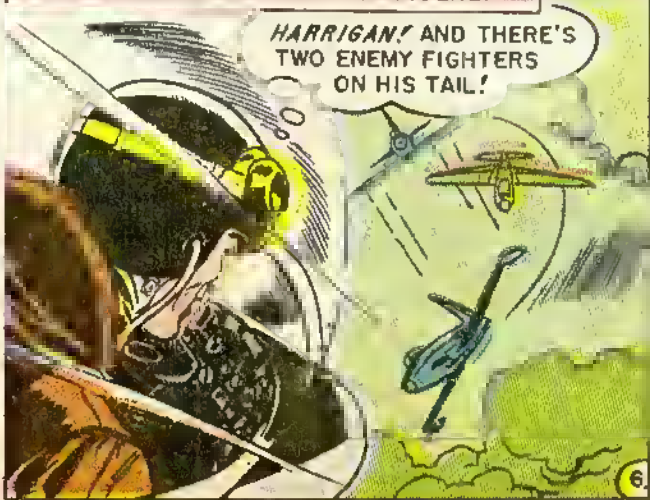
REGROUP AND RETURN TO BASE WITH BOMBERS! I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR HARRIGAN! HE MAY BE IN TROUBLE!

OKAY, STEVE!



LEAVING HIS GROUP, STEVE KICKS HIS JET-FIGHTER INTO A STEEP, ZOOMING CLIMB, HIS EYES ALERT FOR SIGNS OF HIS MISSING FLIER. SUDDENLY---

HARRIGAN! AND THERE'S TWO ENEMY FIGHTERS ON HIS TAIL!



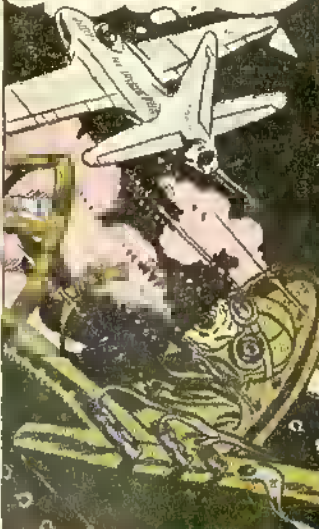


PUTTING HIS JET-FIGHTER INTO  
A STEEP, SCREAMING OIVE,  
STEVE---



I SCARED ONE  
OF 'EM OFF!  
NOW, TO GET  
THE OTHER!

HOW LONG CAN THAT  
GRATE OF HIS ABSORB  
MY LEAD? I-? GOT HIM!



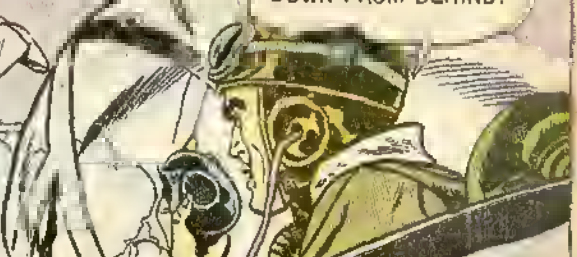
SAVAGE TO HARRIGAN!  
YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR,  
BOY! TURN TAIL AND  
GET BACK TO THE  
SQUADRON.



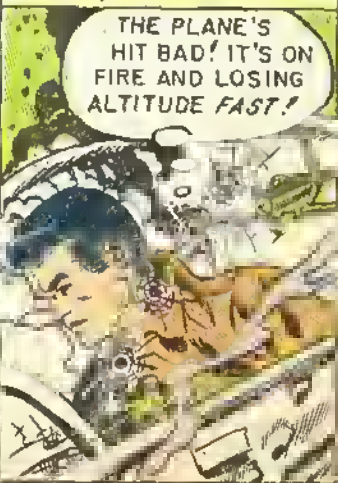
THANKS, STEVE,  
YOU SAVED MY---



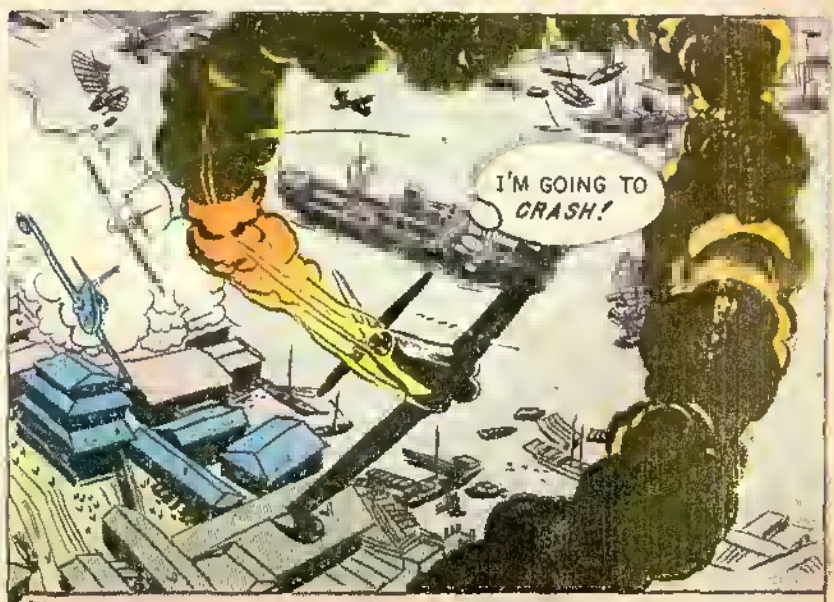
STEVE! LOOK OUT!  
THAT OTHER PLANE'S  
MAKING A SNEAK  
ATTACK! HE'S COMING  
DOWN FROM BEHIND!



BUT, HARRIGAN'S WARNING  
CRY COMES TOO LATE, AS  
THE ENEMY PLANE POURS  
ROUND AFTER ROUND OF  
HOT LEAD INTO STEVE'S  
CRAFT! A TONGUE OF  
FLAME SHOWS NEAR  
A WING, AND---



THE PLANE'S  
HIT BAD! IT'S ON  
FIRE AND LOSING  
ALTITUDE FAST!



I'M GOING TO  
CRASH!

NOTHING CAN SAVE STEVE'S PLANE NOW FROM A FLAME-ENGULFED  
CRASH! WHAT ABOUT STEVE HIMSELF? CAN HE PARACHUTE FROM  
THE BURNING CRAFT IN TIME TO SAVE HIMSELF? READ CHAPTER  
TWO FOR THE STARTLING ANSWER!



# STEVE SAVAGE

## CAPTAIN



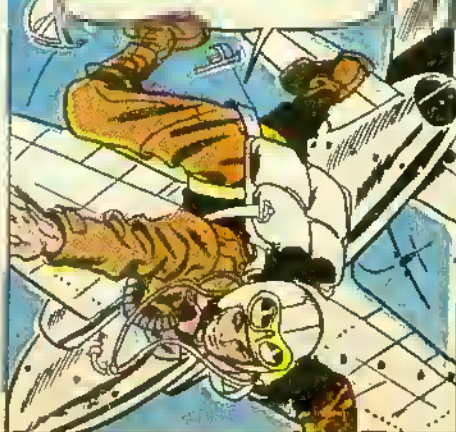
### CHAPTER 2

STEVE MAKES HIS ESCAPE FROM THE DOOMED JET-FIGHTER, ONLY TO FACE EVEN MORE DANGER BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES IN---

## "FIGHT WITH THE UNDERGROUND"

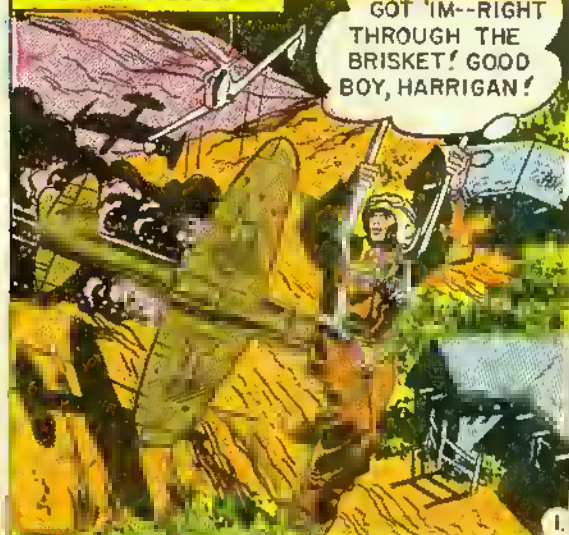
AS HIS FLAME-ENGULFED PLANE PLUNGES EARTH-WARD, STEVE STRUGGLES CLEAR OF THE COCKPIT, AND---

MADE IT! NOW, HERE'S HOPING THAT HARRIGAN KEEPS THAT ENEMY GOOK OFF MY NECK! THEY USE OUR BOYS FOR TARGET PRACTISE



ABOVE STEVE, HARRIGAN IS TAKING CARE OF THE ENEMY GOOK--

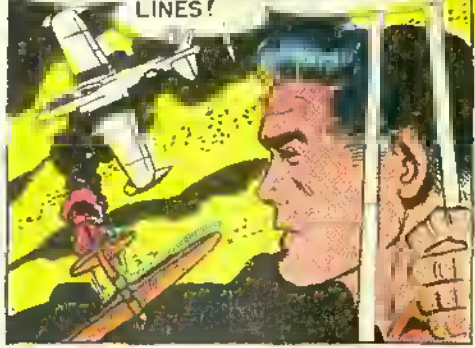
GOT 'IM--RIGHT THROUGH THE BRISKET! GOOD BOY, HARRIGAN!



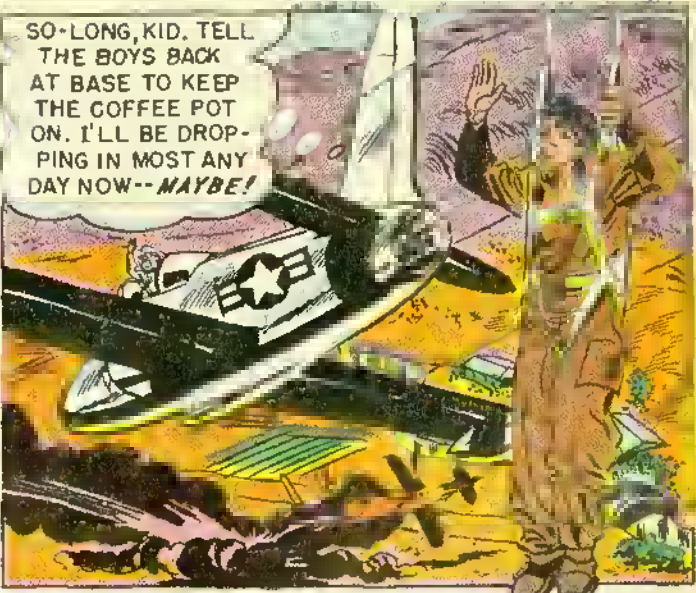


AS STEVE'S PARACHUTE OPENS AND HE FLOATS DOWNWARD TOWARD ENEMY TERRITORY, HARRIGAN CIRCLES HIM HELPLESSLY---

HE'S TRYING TO TELL ME HE CAN'T LAND. I'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE MY CHANCES WITH ENEMY PATROLS AND TRY WORKING MY WAY BACK TO THE AMERICAN LINES!



SO-LONG, KID. TELL THE BOYS BACK AT BASE TO KEEP THE COFFEE POT ON. I'LL BE DROPPING IN MOST ANY DAY NOW--MAYBE!



I'VE GOT TO ACT FAST! GOOK SPOTTERS HAVE PROBABLY MARKED MY JUMP! THEY'LL HAVE PATROLS OUT FOR ME! I'VE GOT TO CLEAR THIS AREA BEFORE THEY ARRIVE.



FREING HIMSELF FROM THE PARACHUTE HARNESS, STEVE SCRAMBLES DOWN OUT OF THE TREE, ONLY TO HEAR---

HAH! YANKEE FALL INTO HANDS LIKE RIPE PLUM DROPPING FROM TREE! WILL LEAVE! PUT HANDS UP!



YOU SURROUNDED! NO CHANCE TO FIGHT! I SAY, PUT HANDS UP, YANKEE SWINE!

OKAY, FELLER, IT'S YOUR ROUND. I'M READY FOR THE STOCKADE!



STOCKADE? YOU THINK WE HOLD PRISONER? NO, FIG--WE DO NOT FEED PRISONER--WE KILL THEM! YOU SAVVY? YOU DIE NOW!

IN THAT CASE---



I'M GOING OUT -- FIGHTING!





BUT, STEVE'S RESISTANCE IS SHORT-LIVED AS THE ENEMY SOLDIERS LEAP IN TO OVERPOWER HIM! THEN--

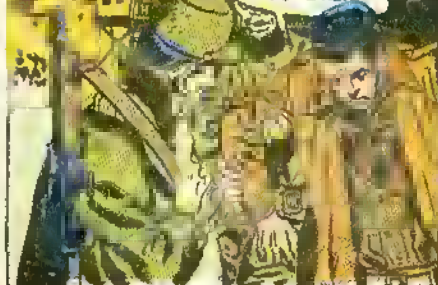
AT LEAST I HAD THE SATISFACTION OF MARKING YOUR UGLY PUSS! THAT'LL KEEP ME HAPPY ON THE WAY OUT!

TIE THE PIG TO TREE! I ATTEND TO EXECUTION PERSONALLY!



TODAY--YOU DIE!  
TOMORROW--YOUR BUDDIES DIE!

YOU GOOKS ALWAYS ACT TOUGH WHEN YOU'VE GOT A MAN TIED TO A TREE! WELL, USE THAT GUN! GET IT OVER WITH! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO DIE!



AS THE OFFICER RAISES HIS SUB-MACHINEGUN--

AIEEEEE!  
GUERRILLA'S!  
FLEE FOR  
YOUR  
LIVES,  
COMRADES!



BUT---



HO, YANKEE!  
WE COME IN TIME,  
'EH? WATCH YOU  
JUMP FROM PLANE,  
SEE TRAITOR  
PATROL CAPTURE  
YOU, WE FIX WAGON,  
'EH?

YOU SURE DID! I'M  
CAPTAIN STEVE  
SAVAGE, 104TH  
PURSUIT GROUP.



AS THE GUERRILLA'S CUT STEVE LOOSE FROM THE TREE---

ME, LUNG HO! WE BELONG TO BAND OF THE GREAT HU CHING! WE TAKE YOU TO HEADQUARTERS NOW!





SOMETIME LATER, AT GUERRILLA H.Q., A WELL-HIDDEN GAVE IN A WILD MOUNTAIN GORGE, STEVE AND HU CHING, THE BAND'S CHIEFTAIN--

SO, YOU PEOPLE HAVE BEEN OPERATING

YES. WE HAVE CO-OPERATED WITH AMERICANS MANY TIMES. WE SEND INFORMATION, RESCUE DOWNED FLIERS LIKE YOURSELF. ONCE A MONTH HAVE RENDEZVOUS ON COAST WITH YOUR SUBMARINE. TURN FLIERS AND INFORMATION OVER THEN.

THEN I'LL BE ABLE TO GET BACK TO MY OUTFIT SOON?

ONE WEEK FROM TODAY, SUBMARINE SHOW UP AT RENDEZVOUS. YOU GO THEN. MEANWHILE, YOU STAY HERE. OUR HOUSE IS YOURS!



THAT'S SWELL! SAY, MAYBE YOU'LL LET ME GO ALONG ON ONE OF YOUR RAIDS?

COULD BE ARRANGED. I-?

YES, LUNG HO?



OUR COURIER ARRIVES... HE BRINGS BIG NEWS!

BRING HIM TO ME!



HU CHING LISTENS GRAVELY TO THE COURIER'S NEWS, THEN--

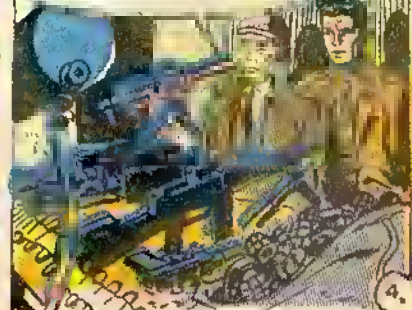
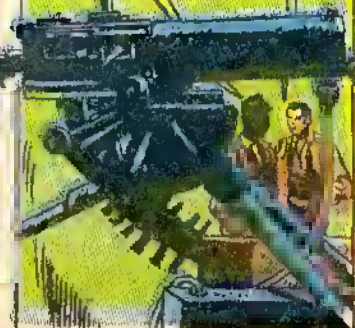
HE SAY ENEMY GET BIG SHIPMENT OF WEAPONS! MANY BIG GUNS, NEW-TYPE TANKS, JET-FIGHTERS! MUCH, MUCH AMMUNITION! ALL AT MARSHALLING GROUND

IT CANNOT AND WILL NOT! LUNG HO! GIVE OUT EXTRA AMMUNITION, GRENADES TO MEN. WE MOVE ON TONIGHT!

I WANT TO GO ALONG, HU CHING!

YOU GO WITH ME! TAKE MACHINE GUN AND BAG OF GRENADES! HORNETS NEXT OF ENEMY TROOPS! WE ARE STONE THAT WILL STIR IT UP! SOME OF US WILL BE STUNG!

IT CAN'T BE ALLOWED TO REACH





NIGHTFALL FINDS HU CHING'S GUERILLA BAND ON AN EMBANKMENT OVERLOOKING THE MARSHALLING GROUNDS

FIRST THING ENEMY DO WHEN ATTACKED BY GROUND TROOPS IS OPEN FLOODLIGHTS! LUNG HO, YOU TAKE HALF OF MEN AND WHEN ENEMY DISCOVERS US, DESTROY POWER STATION.



YES, HU CHING.

THE AMERICAN AND I LEAD OTHER MEN. WE BLOW UP MAIN AMUNITION-DUMP. THAT SET CHAIN OF EXPLOSIONS OFF THAT WILL DESTROY YARDS! YOU SAVVY?

THAT SOUNDS GOOD TO ME! LET'S SHOVE OFF, HU CHING!



MOVING UP CAUTIOUSLY, HU CHING AND STEVE'S GROUP TAKES CARE OF THE FIRST SENTRY---

THAT IS GOOD! ONLY ONE MORE STANDS IN OUR WAY!

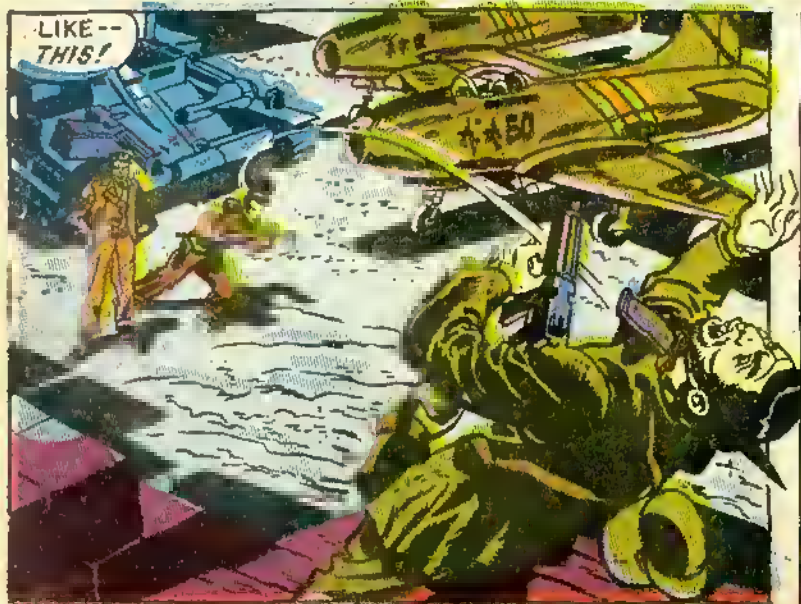


HOW'RE WE GOING TO GET TO HIM?

HU CHING TAKE CARE OF HIM!



LIKE-- THIS!



NOW WE GO!

I'LL GET THE EXPLOSIVES SET UP! YOU AND I CAN DO THE WIRING WHILE YOUR BOYS STAND GUARD. WE'VE GOT TO LIGHT THE FUSES AND GET OUT BEFORE WE'RE SPOTTED!





COVERING THE LAST HUNDRED YARDS BETWEEN THEM AND THE AMMUNITION DUMP, STEVE AND HU CHING PREPARE THE EXPLOSIVE CHARGE, WHILE THEIR MEN STAND ALERT FOR ENEMY INTERFERENCE--

OKAY, HU CHING, I'VE SLIT THE CANVAS. LET'S HAVE THE STUFF! I'LL SHOVE IT BETWEEN THE AMMO BOXES! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE US A REAL BLAST!

SHE'S LIT! NOW, LET'S GET OUT OF--?

WE'VE BEEN DISCOVERED! MUST GO QUICKLY!

BUT AS HU CHING'S BAND SHOWS ITSELF, A TOWER MACHINEGUN CHATTERS VICIOUSLY, AND--

BACK, HU CHING, BACK! THEY WON'T DARE FIRE AT THE DUMP!

YOU'RE WOUNDED!

JUST LEG, BUT NOT SO GOOD. CAN'T TRAVEL MUCH. I STAY HERE. KEEP ENEMY BUSY. YOU GO! QUICKLY-- BEFORE EXPLOSIVES GO UP!

NOTHING DOING! WE CAN'T MOVE AS LONG AS THAT MACHINEGUN'S OPERATING, BUT BACK IN THE STATES I WAS A PRETTY HOT SOFTBALL PITCHER! MAYBE I CAN CROSS HOME-PLATE WITH THIS GRENADE!

JUDGING THE RANGE, STEVE HURLS THE GRENADE WITH ALL THE WEIGHT OF HIS BODY BEHIND THE PITCH! THE GRENADE SAILS LAZILY THROUGH THE AIR, AND---

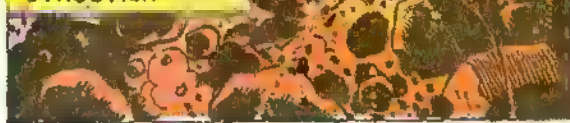
THAT'S GOT 'IM! GRAB MY ARM, HU CHING, WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE!



SUPPORTING HU CHING, STEVE HEADS AWAY FROM THE AMMUNITION DUMP, BUT A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY---



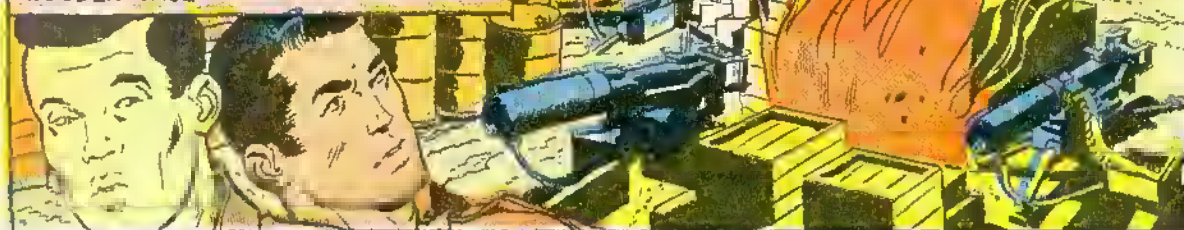
THE EXPLOSION SETS OFF A CHAIN OF EXPLOSIONS AS FLAMING BRANDS SOAR THROUGH THE NIGHT SKY TO SEND OTHER AMMUNITION DUMPS INTO FIERY POWDER-KEGS OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION--



WE HIT THE JACKPOT!  
IT'S THE FOURTH  
OF JULY ALL OVER  
AGAIN!



AS STEVE AND HU CHING RACE FROM THE EXPLOSIONS, A BLAZING FIRE-BRAND, HURLED BY A BLAST ONTO A STOCKPILE OF FIFTY CALIBRE MACHINE-GUN CARTRIDGES, EATS STEADILY A WOODEN CASE--

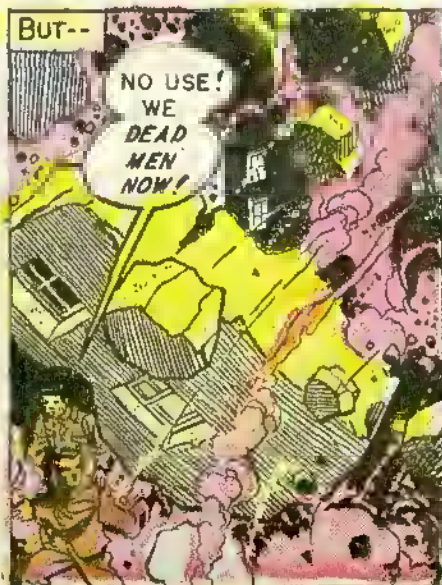


AND--



HU CHING,  
THE  
BUILDING'S  
COLLAPSING!  
RUN!

BUT--

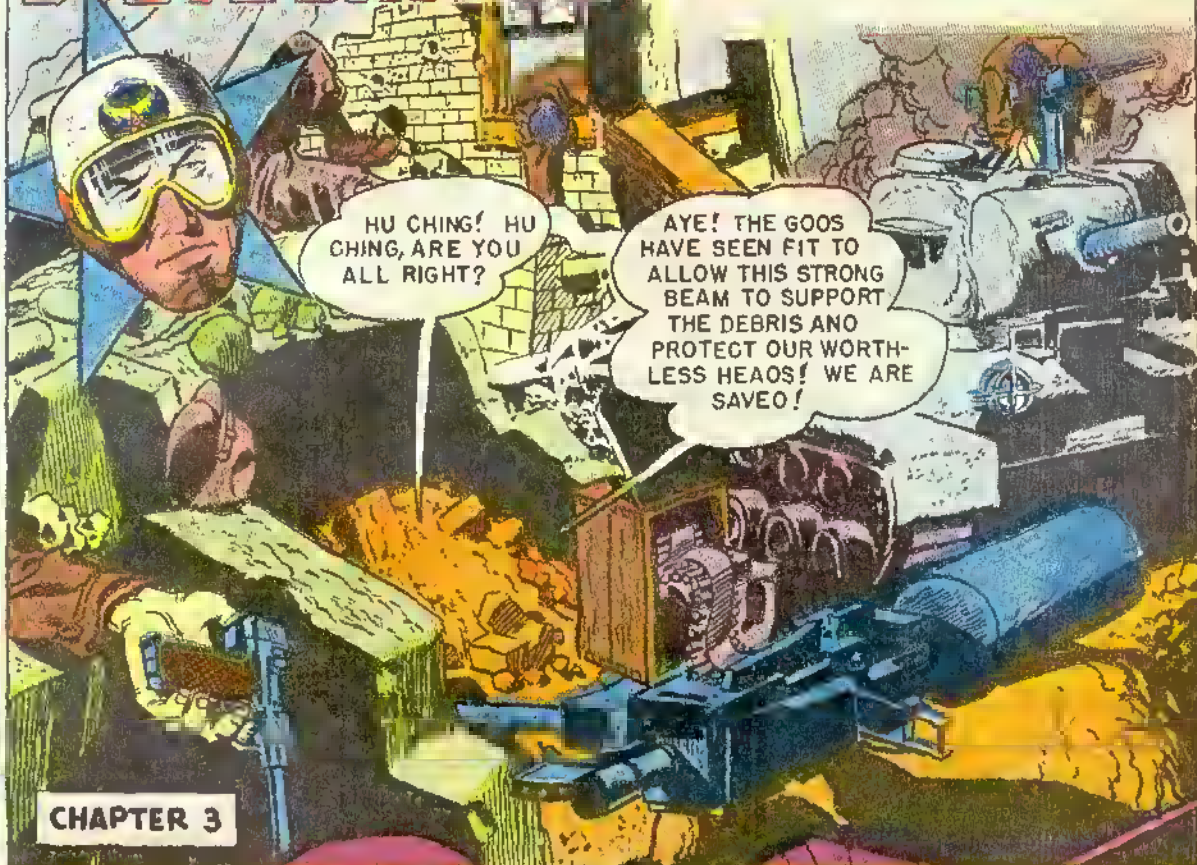


NO USE!  
WE  
DEAD  
MEN  
NOW!

STEVE SAVAGE  
AND HU CHING  
HAVE BEEN  
CAUGHT BY THE  
COLLAPSING  
WALL! IS THEIR  
FATE SEALED  
FOREVER BE-  
NEATH THE  
SMOKING RUINS?  
READ CHAPTER  
THREE FOR THE  
AMAZING ANSWER!



# CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE



HU CHING! HU CHING, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

AYE! THE GOOS HAVE SEEN FIT TO ALLOW THIS STRONG BEAM TO SUPPORT THE DEBRIS AND PROTECT OUR WORTHLESS HEADS! WE ARE SAVED!

## CHAPTER 3

STEVE SAVAGE AND THE GUERILLA CHIEFTAN, HU CHING, HAVE MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPED THE BLAST, BUT MORE ADVENTURES AND DANGER AWAITS THEM IN THEIR--

## "FLIGHT FROM THE GESTAPO"

THERE'S A SMALL OPENING HERE! HELP ME PUSH THE RUBBLE ASIDE. MAYBE WE CAN MAKE IT LARGE ENOUGH TO CRAWL THROUGH TO THE OUTSIDE!

WE MUST DO SO QUICKLY, IF WE ARE TO SAVE OUR HEADS FROM THE ENEMY KNIFE! THEY WILL HAVE COLLECTED THEIR SCATTERED WITS BY NOW AND ARE PROBABLY SEARCHING THE YARDS FOR US!

AFTER SEVERAL MINUTES OF DIGGING, STEVE...

WE'RE IN THE CLEAR, HU CHING! IF WE ACT FAST, WE CAN CLEAR THE YARDS BEFORE WE'RE SPOTTED!

GOOD! WE WILL JOIN THE OTHERS!





SOMETIME LATER, HU CHING AND STEVE JOIN THE BAND OF GUERRILLA'S, UNDER LUNG WO--

ME AND STEVE ONLY SURVIVORS! REST ARE DEAD!

THEY OIE IN GOOD CAUSE!

LOOK AT THOSE YAROS BURN! TANKS, ARTILLERY, JET-PLANES, AMMUNITION-- ALL GOING UP IN SMOKE! IT'S GOING TO SAVE A LOT OF LIVES.

COME, WE CAN STAY HERE NO LONGER! MUST GET BACK TO CAVE! ENEMY VERY MAD AFTER THIS COUP. SOON, COUNTRY SWARM WITH SECURITY POLICE, *GESTAPO*--HUNT US DOWN LIKE MAD DOGS!

TRUE! WE MUST MOVE QUICKLY!



THE FIGHTER-PILOT AND HIS GUERRILLA FRIENDS MAKE IT SAFELY TO THEIR HEADQUARTERS-- TO FIND--

IT IS GOOD

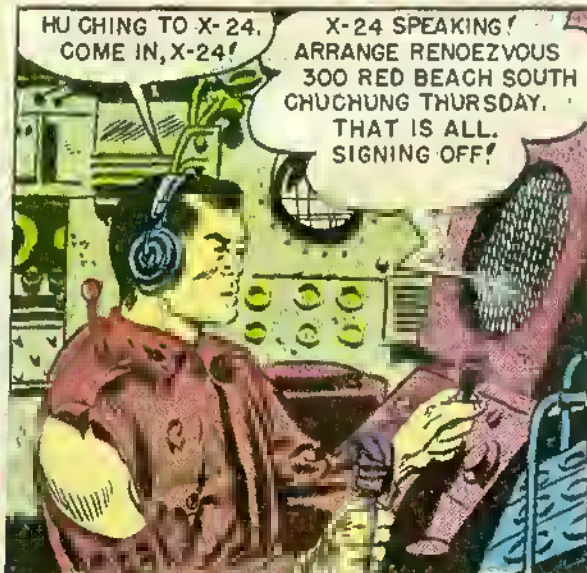
YOU HAVE ARRIVED! X-24 HAS BEEN TRYING TO CONTACT YOU! IS CALLING AGAIN NOW!

THE YANKEE SUBMARINE! THAT MEANS THEY ARE ANXIOUS TO ARRANGE ANOTHER RENOEZVOUS. LET ME SPEAK TO THEM!



HU CHING TO X-24. COME IN, X-24!

X-24 SPEAKING! ARRANGE RENOEZVOUS 300 RED BEACH SOUTH CHUCHUNG THURSDAY. THAT IS ALL. SIGNING OFF!



THE SUBMARINE WILL SURFACE OFF A SMALL BEACH SOUTH OF THE CITY OF CHUCHUNG AT THREE O'CLOCK THURSDAY MORNING. THEY WILL TAKE YOU ABOARD AND YOU MAY RETURN TO YOUR OWN LINES!

IT'LL BE GOOD TO SEE THE BOYS, BUT HARD TO LEAVE YOU! YOU'RE GREAT FIGHTERS!



MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF GENERAL SUIAIKI, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF COLONEL HO, HEAD OF THE SECURITY POLICE, IS ON THE CARPET--

YOU CALL YOURSELVES SECURITY POLICE? *BAH!* WHAT GOOD ARE YOU? YOU LET A FEW RAGGED BANDITS DESTROY VALUABLE MATERIALS AND CUT COMMUNICATION LINES!

BUT, SIR---



DON'T BUT ME, YOU BUMBLING, STUPID FDDL! I'LL HEAR NONE OF YOUR EXCUSES! IT ISN'T ALIBI'S I WANT, BUT THE BANDITS! DO YOU UNDERSTAND? THE *BANDITS!*

WE HAVE THEM, SIR.





WHAT?

THAT'S WHAT I WAS TRYING TO TELL YOU, GENERAL SUAIKI! HU CHING'S HEAD-QUARTERS ARE WELL HIDDEN! WE'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO LOCATE IT, BUT WE'VE BEEN INTERCEPTING HIS RADIO MESSAGES!

AND--?

THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW, AN AMERICAN SUBMARINE IS RENDEZVOUSING WITH HU CHING AT A BEACH SOUTH OF CHUNGCHU! THEY ARE TO TAKE ON THE YANKEE PILOT WHO TOOK PART IN THE RAID MY MEN AND I WILL BE AT THAT MEETING!

GOOD! I'LL ASSIGN YOU UNITS FROM THE REGULAR ARMY TO ASSIST IN THE ATTACK! I WANT THEM ALL, AND I WANT THEM DEAD!

YES, SIR!



WE'LL SET A TRAP! AN ANTI-SUBMARINE PATROL WILL BE SENT OUT BEFOREHAND TO KEEP THE AMERICAN SUB FROM KEEPING THE RENDEZVOUS, YOU WILL SPLIT YOUR FORCES INTO TWO SECTIONS! ONE SECTION WILL BE ASSIGNED TO LANDING BARGES AND THE OTHER...



THE NEXT NIGHT, STEVE AND HU CHING'S GUERRILLA BAND, KEEP THE RENDEZVOUS, UNAWARE OF THE ENEMY COUNTER-PLOT, HU CHING BEGINS SIGNALLING FOR THE SUBMARINE, AND---

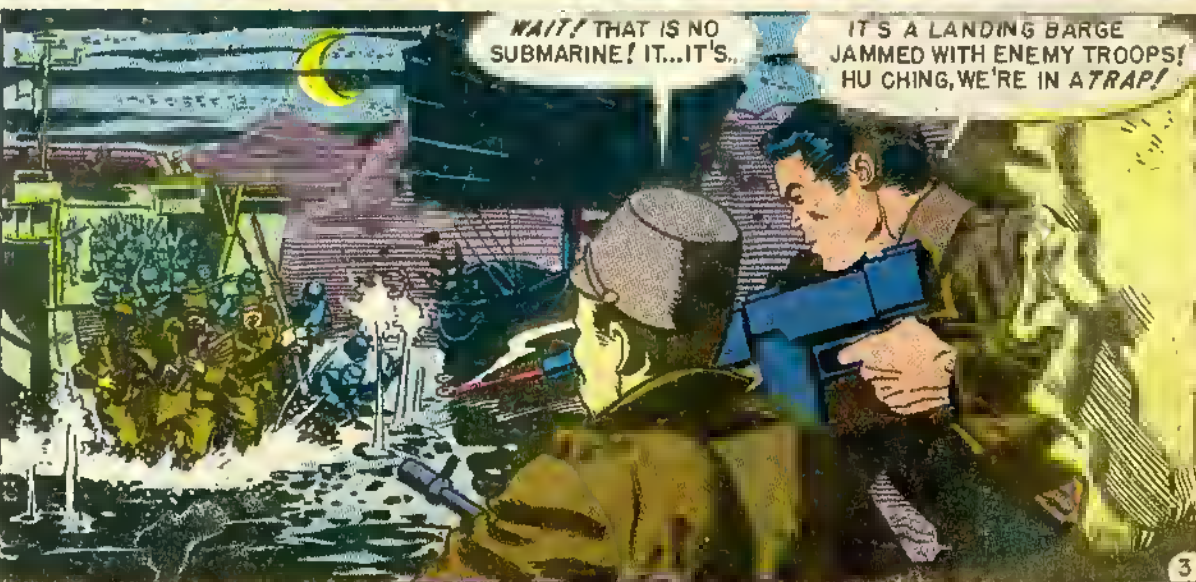
THERE, HU CHING, THEY'VE ANSWERED!

I SIGNAL THEM TO COME IN! SEE? SOON, YOU WILL BE ON YOUR WAY TO YOUR OWN PEOPLE!



WAIT! THAT IS NO SUBMARINE! IT...IT'S...

IT'S A LANDING BARGE JAMMED WITH ENEMY TROOPS! HU CHING, WE'RE IN A TRAP!



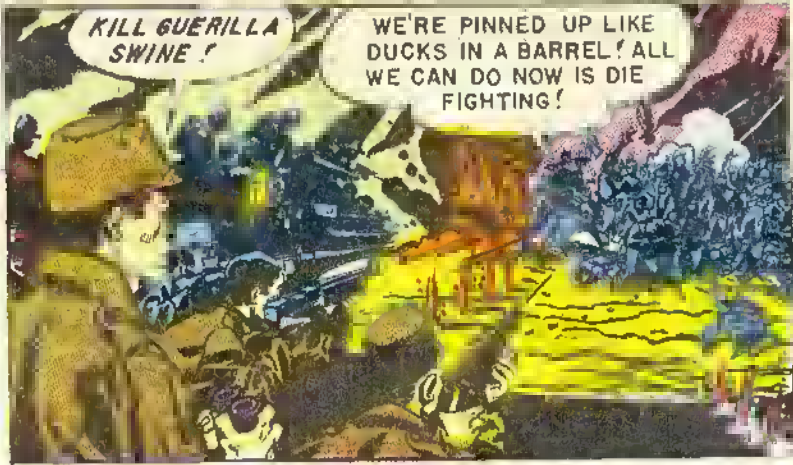


**SECTION TWO--  
ATTACK!**



**KILL GUERRILLA  
SWINE!**

**WE'RE PINNED UP LIKE  
DUCKS IN A BARREL! ALL  
WE CAN DO NOW IS DIE  
FIGHTING!**



**FIGHT TO DEATH! MAKE  
TRAITORS PAY FOR EVERY  
MAN OF OURS THAT THEY  
KILL! SLAY THE OOGS  
WHO SPREAD MISERY  
AMONGST OUR PEOPLE!**



**WE MUST STAY HERE AND  
DIE, BUT NOT YOU! YOU  
MUST RETURN AND CARRY  
BACK THE NEWS OF OUR  
SUCCESSFUL RAID! GO!  
WE WILL KEEP THE ENEMY  
BUSY!**

**BUT--?**



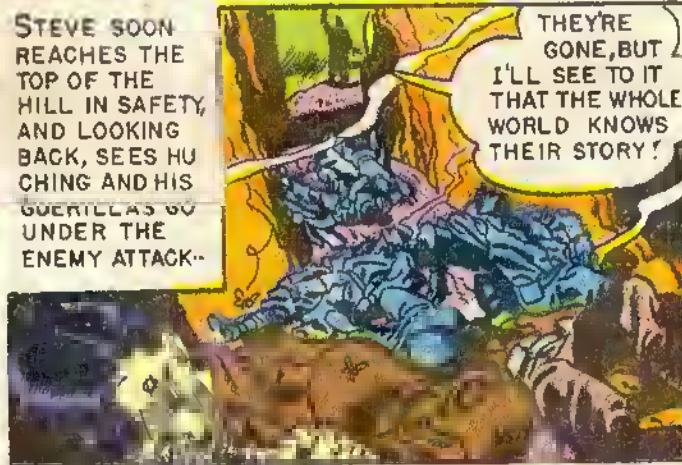
**GO! BEYOND HILL  
THERE IS ENEMY  
FIGHTER-PLANE  
BASE! MAYBE STEAL  
PLANE, GET OVER  
ENEMY LINES!**

**ALL RIGHT,  
BUT I'LL NEVER  
FORGET YOU!**



**STEVE SOON  
REACHES THE  
TOP OF THE  
HILL IN SAFETY,  
AND LOOKING  
BACK, SEES HU  
CHING AND HIS  
GUERRILLAS GO  
UNDER THE  
ENEMY ATTACK--**

**THEY'RE  
GONE, BUT  
I'LL SEE TO IT  
THAT THE WHOLE  
WORLD KNOWS  
THEIR STORY!**



**I'VE GET OUT OF HERE,  
FAST! ONE OF THESE  
JEEPS'D BE PERFECT!**





STEPPING SOFTLY TO THE EDGE OF THE STEEP BANK, STEVE JUMPS TO THE GUARD'S SHOULDERS--

OOOFF!

YOU BOYS AREN'T THE ONLY ONES THAT CAN LAUNCH SURPRISE ATTACKS!



OOOOO!

THAT PUTS YOU OUT OF THE WAY! NOW TO GET THAT JEEP AND POWDER OUT OF HERE!



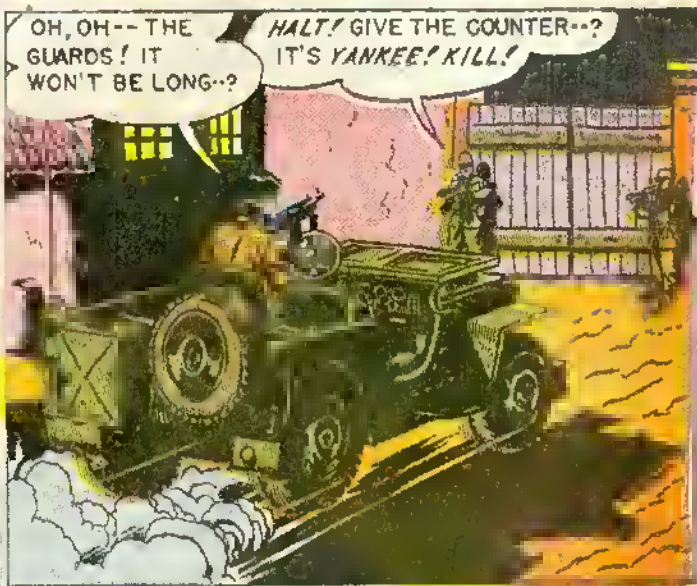
SOMETIME LATER, STEVE APPROACHES THE MAIN GATE OF THE ENEMY AIRFIELD, AND--

ONLY THING I CAN DO IS KEEP GOING TIL THEY DISCOVER ME, THEN MAKE A DASH FOR IT!



OH, OH-- THE GUARDS! IT WON'T BE LONG--

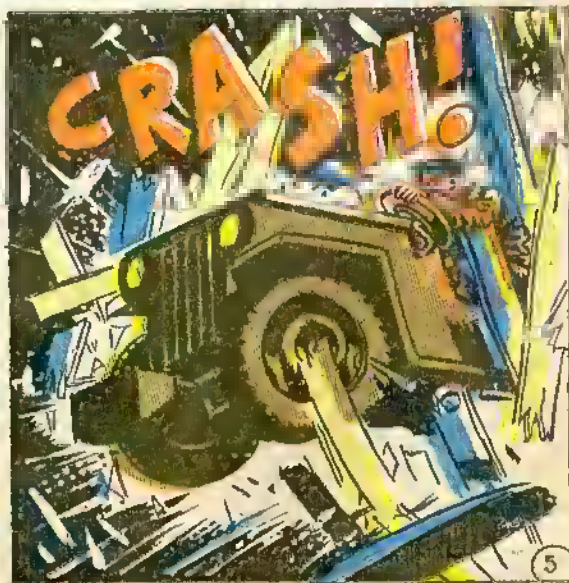
HALT! GIVE THE COUNTER--? IT'S YANKEE! KILL!



DISREGARDING THE ORDER, STEVE BEARS DOWN ON THE ACCELERATOR AND AS THE JEEP LEAPS AHEAD--

AIEEEEEEE!

THE CAT'S OUT OF THE BAG NOW! I GOT TO KEEP GOING!





AS STEVE CLEARS THE GATE AND RACES THE JEEP TOWARD THE PARKED PLANES, A TRUCK-LOAD OF SOLDIERS FROM THE HANGAR AREA--

MORE

TROUBLE! WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO NOW, ABANDON THIS JALOPY AND TRY SINKING THAT TRUCK-LOAD OF GOOKS AT THE SAME TIME!

HAPPY LANDING, TROOPERS!

AIEEEEEEE!

BULL'S EYE!

I'VE GOT TO GET TO THAT PLANE BEFORE THOSE GUARDS DO! IF I CAN JUST GET THOSE JETS PERCOLATING BEFORE THE GUARDS REACH ME, I'VE GOT A CHANCE!

REACHING THE PLANE, STEVE VAULTS INTO THE COCKPIT, AND KICKING THE MOTORS TO LIFE--

SO LONG,

HERE WE GO!



STEVE'S ONE-MAN RAID THROWS THE FIELD INTO UTTER CONFUSION!

ALL FIGHTER PLANES IN AIR! YANKEE PILOT--HEADING SOUTH IN JET FIGHTER.

SHOOT HIM DOWN!

AND STEVE-- CALLING ALL FIGHTER-PURSUIT GROUPS! GET YANKEE PILOT!

THEY'RE THROWING EVERYTHING INTO THE AIR BUT THE KITCHEN SINK! I'M GOING TO NEED HELP TO FINISH THIS DEAL!

BLUE SAVAGE ONE-- CALLING 101ST. FIGHTER-PURSUIT GROUP--PUSAN! COME IN, PLEASE! COME IN! COME IN!

AND IN THE RADIO SHACK AT PUSAN AIR-FIELD--

COME IN, BLUE SAVAGE ONE. COME IN!

FLYING GOOK FIGHTER-PLANE...

HEADING SOUTH BY WEST, IN PLENTY OF TROUBLE. GOOK PLANES AND ALL AFTER ME! CAN YOU HELP?

TELL 'IM TO HANG ON. WERE ON OUR WAY!

YOUR BOYS ARE ALREADY HEADING FOR THEIR SHIPS! HANG ON FIFTEEN MINUTES AND YOUR TROUBLES ARE OVER! GOOD LUCK, STEVE!

AND A FEW MINUTES LATER--



MEANWHILE, THE FIRST OF THE ENEMY INTERCEPTOR GROUPS SIGHT STEVE...

ONE DOWN, PLENTY TO GO!

STEVE KICKS THE JET-FIGHTER INTO A STEEP CLIMB, TRYING TO OUTMANUEVER THE ENEMY AND FIGHTING FOR TIME, BUT --

HERE COMES MORE OF THEM! I'M FINISHED NOW! IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THEY GET ME!

THEY'VE GOT ME PINNED IN! THOSE GOOKS ARE GOING TO GET ME! I'M GONNA RAM A COUPLE OF THEM THOUGH, FIRST!

AS STEVE GRIMLY PREPARES TO DIVE HIS PLANE INTO ONE OF HIS ENEMY'S, THE TWO ENEMY PLANES IN HIS REAR SUDDENLY --

WHAT THE--?

THERE MUST BE MORE THAN A DOZEN OF THEM! SINCE I CAN'T RUN, I'VE GOT TO ATTACK! AT LEAST I'LL KEEP 'EM GUESSING!

THE GANG'S HERE! WHOOPEE! GO TO IT, BOYS!

THE AMERICANS ATTACK--QUICKLY ROUTS THE ENEMY PLANES, AND A FEW MINUTES LATER--

BLUE SAVAGE ONE--TO SQUADRON! LET'S GO HOME, FELLOWS, I WANT A CUP OF THAT COFFEE YOU PROMISED TO KEEP WARM FOR ME!

THAT WAS THE LAST THING WE DID BEFORE WE LEFT THE FIELD! WE TOLD COOKIE--PUT THE COFFEE POT ON, STEVE'S COMIN' HOME!

THE END



# BLOODY RIDGE 309!

Jerry Plotkin was a soft-spoken, shy young man who worked in his father's dry-goods store in New Orleans, Louisiana, before he was called to active duty with his reserve unit last year. Jerry was a Sergeant in an infantry company and after a short period of training at Camp Polk, Louisiana, his outfit was shipped to Korea.

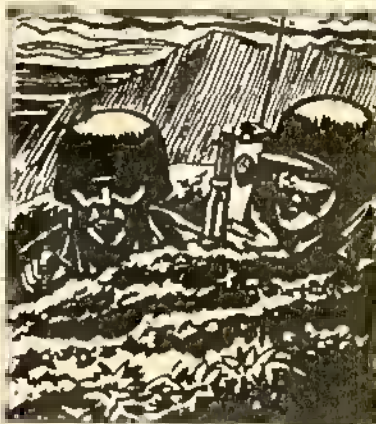
Plotkin had been under fire before. He was a veteran of World War II who had seen action in the Normandy fighting and had been wounded twice by German snipers. So his was one of the cooler heads which prevailed when his unit advanced toward the enemy near Kujong-dong, Korea, on November 19th, 1950.

The U.N. forces were highly trained, well-equipped and valiant, but the foe they faced were not exactly green troops, either. Some of the giant Chinese matines against whom the Americans struggled had done nothing but wage war for the last ten years, in one section or another of the Orient! The newly-mustered reserve units, therefore, soon were forced to give ground. They retreated slowly and doggedly, making the Chinese pay dearly in blood for every inch of territory gained. But nevertheless after the battle had raged for two days it was apparent that the U.N. had lost an appreciable amount of ground.

One ridge in particular was

of extreme importance to the outcome of the battle. Ridge 309 was a gentle slope from which heavy gun emplacements could command a death-dealing view of ninety per cent of the surrounding territory.

When Sergeant Plotkin heard that the Reds had taken Ridge 309 he determined to recapture it before the enemy had a chance to move artillery up from the rear lines.



Approaching his commanding officer with the opinion that the terrain in question was of vital importance to the outcome of the engagement, he volunteered to lead his squad in a counterattack. Permission given, he armed his men to the teeth and moved forward aggressively in the face of intense mortar and small arms fire.

So heavy was the mortar barrage which greeted him from the very beginning of the charge, in fact, that before he took his sixth step he was wounded by mortar fragments. The wounds were superficial,

however, and ignoring the flying death which buzzed everywhere around him, he continued to lead and encourage his men until they had pushed into the Chinese stronghold and engaged the enemy in hand-to-hand combat.

When the tide of the battle had turned in favor of the U.N. squad, an enemy grenade was thrown in the midst of Plotkin's men, endangering their lives. Without stopping to hesitate, Plotkin covered the grenade with his steel helmet and threw himself over the helmet to take the full force of the concussion with his own body.

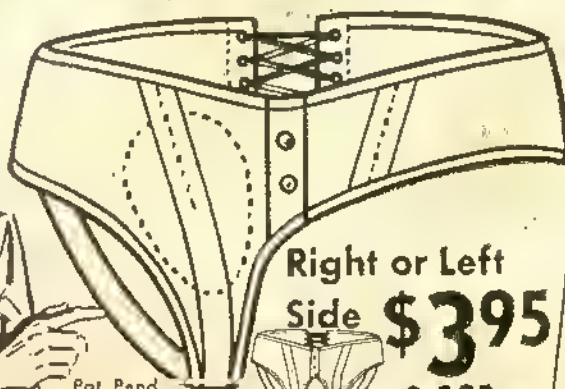
When the medical corpsmen finally reached him, his first request was as to how many of his men had been injured. While temporary first aid and blood plasma were being administered, Plotkin conferred with the non-commissioned officer directly below him in rank in his squad, giving directions as to what things should be attended to when he was evacuated.

His Silver Star citation reads in part: "His intrepid and selfless act saved several of his men from death or serious injury and was an inspiration to the entire command. Sergeant Plotkin's extraordinary heroism reflects the highest credit upon himself and is in accordance with the esteemed traditions of the United States Army Infantry."



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Side \$3.95  
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**NO FITTING  
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TRUSSES --- GET NEW  
WONDERFUL RELIEF  
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Please send my RUPTURE-EASER by return mail.

Right Side ☐ \$3.95      Measure around lowest part  
Left Side ☐ \$3.95      of my abdomen is \_\_\_\_\_ INCHES.  
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Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City and State \_\_\_\_\_

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Our Thousands on File:

R. C. of Corvallis, Oregon, Air  
Mails: "Send me another Rupture-Easer so I will have one to change off with. It is enabling me to work at top speed at my press machine 8 hrs. a day."

Mr. P. S. of New York City wants us to know he is—very pleased with my Rupture-Easer. It has given me great relief and I feel more safe than ever in wearing this support."

M. S. of Anderson, Ind., thanks us and says: "It is one of the finest things I have ever worn and has made my life worth living. It has given me unalloyed ease and comfort."

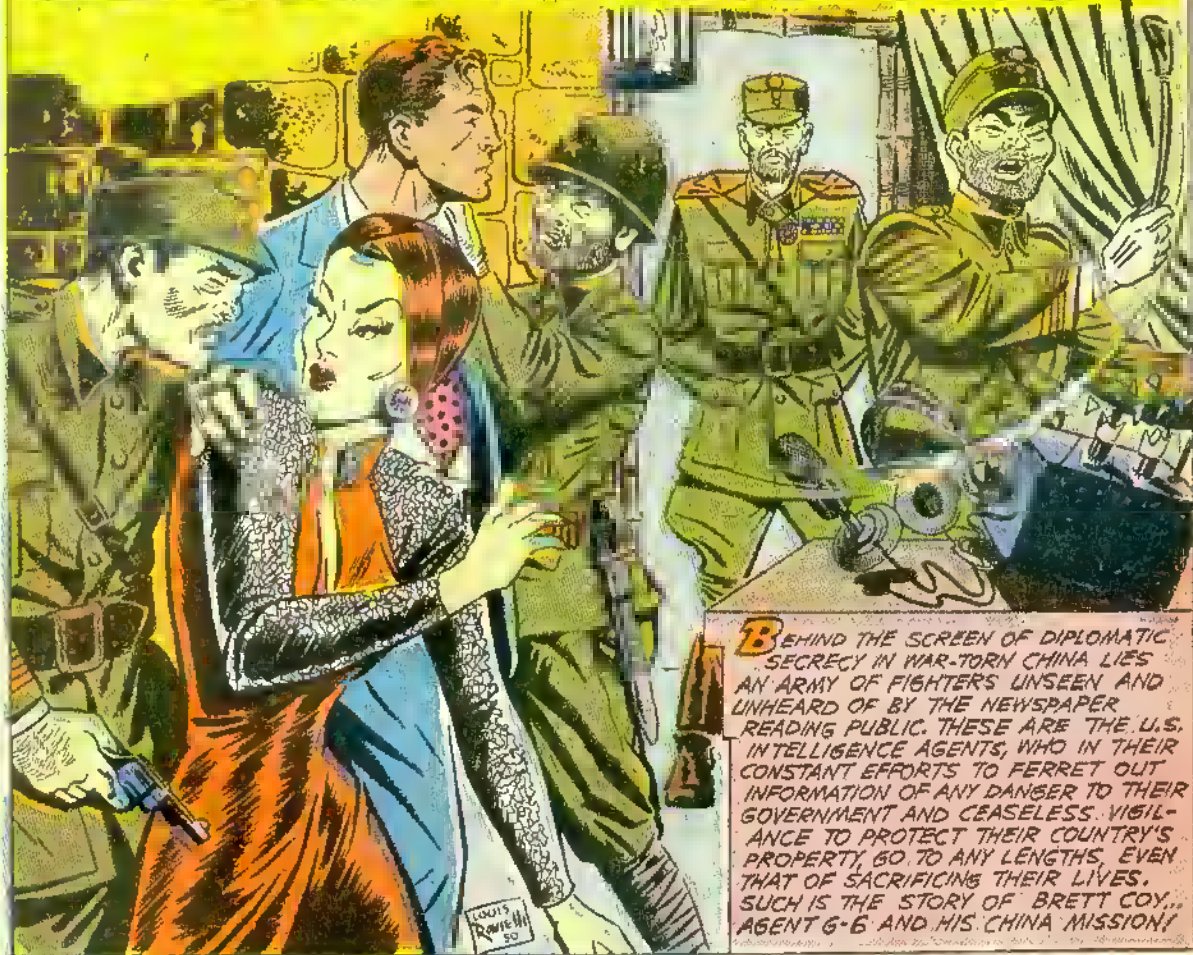
M. D. S. of Greenwich, N. Y., writes: "I find my Rupture-Easer the most comfortable and satisfactory of any truss I have ever worn."

Mrs. L. M. C. Blackburn, Mo., writes: "The Rupture-Easer bought from you has done so much good I couldn't forget you this Christmas season."

**THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE  
FOR PROVED PERFORMANCE  
ORDER TODAY!**



# MISSION<sup>to</sup> CHINA!



**B**EHIND THE SCREEN OF DIPLOMATIC SECRECY IN WAR-TORN CHINA LIES AN ARMY OF FIGHTERS UNSEEN AND UNHEARD OF BY THE NEWSPAPER READING PUBLIC. THESE ARE THE U.S. INTELLIGENCE AGENTS, WHO IN THEIR CONSTANT EFFORTS TO FERRET OUT INFORMATION OF ANY DANGER TO THEIR GOVERNMENT AND CEASELESS VIGILANCE TO PROTECT THEIR COUNTRY'S PROPERTY, GO TO ANY LENGTHS, EVEN THAT OF SACRIFICING THEIR LIVES. SUCH IS THE STORY OF BRETT COY... AGENT G-6 AND HIS CHINA MISSION!

**T**HE STATE DEPARTMENT IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

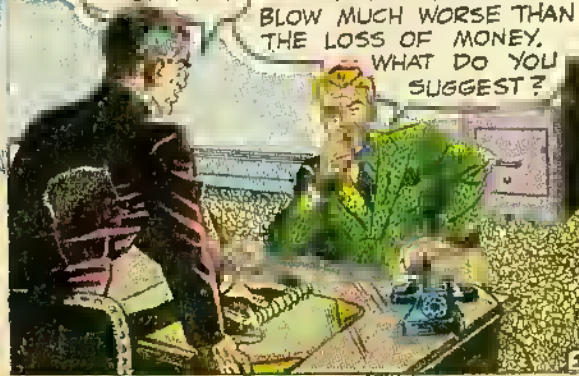
WILSON, THE TEN MILLION DOLLAR LOAN TO THE WAR-LORD HSIN KUANG APPEARS TO BE GOING THROUGH. BUT BEFORE IT DOES WE MUST BE SURE THAT HE IS, NOT A COMMUNIST!

FROM ALL WE KNOW HE IS A NATIONALIST WITH A LARGE ARMY BEHIND HIM. WITH TEN MILLION IN MATERIAL HE COULD DO MUCH TO PUSH BACK THE REBELS!



I KNOW, BUT WE KEEP GETTING UNVEILED REPORTS THAT HSIN KUANG IS MERELY PLAYING A GAME TO GET THE EQUIPMENT AND THAT WHEN HE DOES HE WILL GO OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE. WE'VE GOT TO KNOW FOR CERTAIN!

I UNDERSTAND. IF HE WERE TO PULL A TRICK LIKE THAT, THE U.S. LOSS OF FACE IN THE EAST WOULD BE AN IRREPARABLE BLOW MUCH WORSE THAN THE LOSS OF MONEY. WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?





I SUGGEST YOU PUT YOUR BEST OPERATOR ON THE JOB AND WORK AS FAST AS POSSIBLE. THIS IS A JOB FOR THE INTELLIGENCE. MEANWHILE WE WILL STALL UNTIL WE GET DEFINITE WORD ON THE HONORABLE Hsin's TRUE INTENTIONS.

VERY WELL, SIR. I'LL HAVE A MAN ON HIS WAY BY TOMORROW MORNING. WE'LL SEND REPORTS TO YOU.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING AT WILSON'S OFFICE IN THE PENTAGON BUILDING...

YOU HAVE ONLY ONE THING TO FIND OUT AND THAT IS IF Hsin Kuang IS A REAL NATIONALIST. DON'T UNDERESTIMATE THE JOB. Kuang IS CRUEL AND DANGEROUS!

I KNOW. IF THE REPORTS I READ ARE TRUE, THIS IS SOMETHING LIKE STICKING ONE'S HEAD IN THE LION'S MOUTH.

RIGHT. AND ONE OTHER THING, IF YOU'RE CAUGHT, WE CAN'T HELP YOU. SO BE CAREFUL, Kuang LOVES HIS EXECUTIONS AND OVER THERE HE'S THE LAW.

I UNDERSTAND. I'LL DO MY BEST, CHIEF. YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME THROUGH THE REGULAR CHANNELS AS SOON AS I GET ANYTHING!

TWO WEEKS LATER FINDS COY IN SHANGHAI POSING AS AN AMERICAN ANTIQUE AND CURIO BUYER. HIS FIRST MOVE IS TO CONTACT THE NATIONALIST UNDERGROUND...

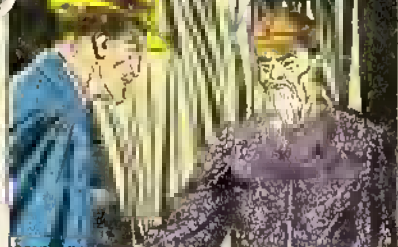
GOOD MORNING. I WAS TOLD THAT YOU HAVE A PAIR OF LAO TSUN VASES FROM THE MING PERIOD.

HONORED, SIR. I KNOW NOT OF WHAT YOU SPEAK. ARE YOU SURE OF THE INFORMATION YOU HAVE GOTTEN?

ONLY TOO CERTAIN, MY FRIEND. THE VASES I SPEAK OF BEAR THE MARK OF THE DRAGON AND THE TONGUE OF THE SNAKE!

THAT IS DIFFERENT, ESTEEMED ONE. I HAVE TWO VASES OF

DESCRIPTION IN THE REAR OF MY SHOP. PLEASE TO ENTER!



ON THE REAR OF THE SHOP THE DEALER MAKES COY PROVE HIS IDENTITY AND THEN REVEALS HIMSELF AS A LEADER OF THE UNDERGROUND...

GREETINGS, BROTHER. MY APOLOGIES FOR BEING SO SUSPICIOUS, BUT IN THIS BUSINESS CAUTION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOR. WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE

WHAT NEWS HAS COME TO YOU OF Hsin Kuang?... WHAT TRUTH IS THERE THAT

PRETENDING TO BE A NATIONALIST?

IF YOU WISH MY PERSONAL OPINION, Hsin IS A TRAITOR, BUT PROOF WE HAVE NONE. ALL OUR AGENTS VENTURING INTO HIS DOMAIN SOMEHOW NEVER RETURN. PERHAPS SOON WE WILL HAVE THE

SOON IS NOT QUICK ENOUGH FOR ME. I MUST

FIND OTHER WAYS OF GETTING THIS INFORMATION. THANK YOU REVERED FRIEND

I WILL CALL ON YOU AGAIN!





**B**UT TRY AS HE WILL COY CAN GET NO INFORMATION ABOUT THE ELUSIVE HSHIN. THE DAYS TURN INTO WEEKS AND IN DESPERATION THE AGENT IS READY TO GIVE UP. THEN ONE NIGHT AS HE PACES HIS HOTEL ROOM...







STOP, SPAWN OF THE DEVIL! STOP!

ARE YOU HURT? IT APPEARS WE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME.

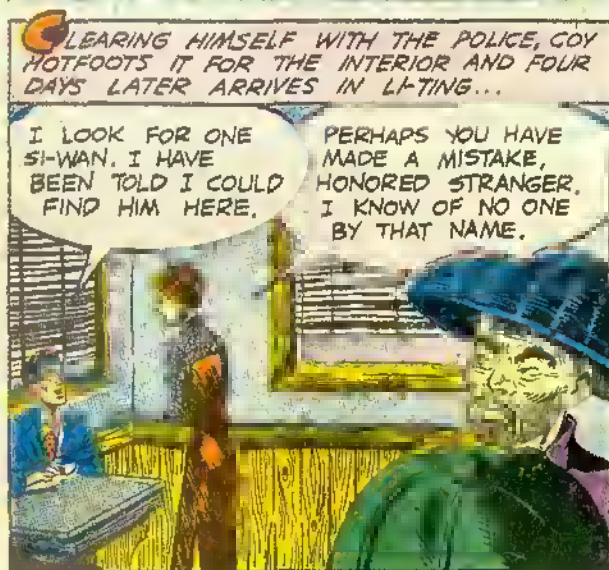
I'LL BE ALL RIGHT. THEY, THEY TRIED TO ROB ME. I'M AN ANTIQUE DEALER. THEY KILLED A DEALER FRIEND OF MINE IN THE HOTEL.



COME, WE WILL HELP YOU BACK TO THE HOTEL AND CALL THE NECESSARY AUTHORITIES.

I WONDER HOW MUCH THAT THUS HEARD. I'VE GOT TO GET TO SI-WAN BEFORE THEY DO...

THEY WILL NOT GET FAR. I PROMISE THEY WILL BE APPREHENDED BEFORE THE NIGHT IS OVER.



CLEARING HIMSELF WITH THE POLICE, COY HOTFOOTS IT FOR THE INTERIOR AND FOUR DAYS LATER ARRIVES IN LI-TING...

I LOOK FOR ONE SI-WAN. I HAVE BEEN TOLD I COULD FIND HIM HERE.

PERHAPS YOU HAVE MADE A MISTAKE, HONORED STRANGER. I KNOW OF NO ONE BY THAT NAME.



THAT IS TOO BAD. I HAVE BROUGHT THIS FOR HIM. IT IS A GIFT FROM HIS POOR UNCLE WHO DIED.

OH, SO. THAT IS DIFFERENT. IF YOU WILL COME WITH ME I WILL TAKE YOU TO SI-WAN.

IT IS HE. WE FOLLOW THEM!

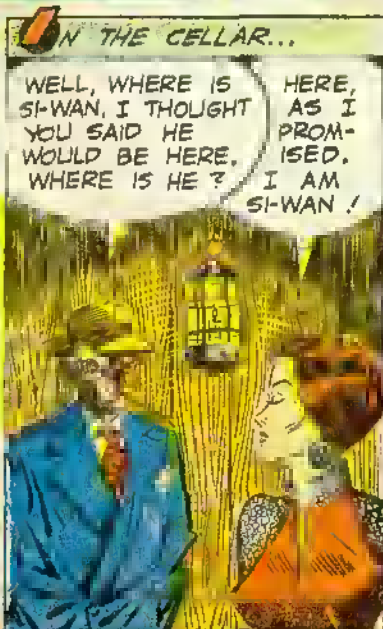


LEADING COY TO A BUILDING AT THE EDGE OF THE VILLAGE, THE GIRL ENTERS A CELLAR...

HERE YOU WILL FIND THE ONE YOU SEARCH FOR.

VERY WELL, LEAD ME TO HIM.

NOTIFY HIS EMINENCE. I WILL KEEP WATCH.



ON THE CELLAR...

WELL, WHERE IS SI-WAN, I THOUGHT YOU SAID HE WOULD BE HERE. WHERE IS HE?

HERE, AS I PROMISED. I AM SI-WAN!



YOU! A GIRL! WELL, I'LL BE A MONKEYS UNCLE! DO YOU HAVE ANY NEWS FOR ME?

YES, I HAVE DEFINITE PROOF THAT HSIN KUANG IS A TRAITOR. HE MERELY PRETENDS TO BE A NATIONALIST, REALLY HE IS OF THE OPPOSING SIDE. I HAVE THE PROOF HERE.



WONDERFUL! THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT I'VE BEEN AFTER! I MUST GET THIS NEWS BACK TO THE CONSULATE IN SHANGHAI IMMEDIATELY... BUT HOW?

THAT IS SIMPLE. I HAVE HERE A COMPLETE SENDING AND RECEIVING SET. I'LL CONTACT YOUR STATION. WHAT IS THEIR WAVE LENGTH AND CALL LETTERS?

AS SI-WAN PREPARES TO CONTACT THE CONSULATE IN SHANGHAI THERE IS A SUDDEN INTERRUPTION...

DO NOT MOVE OR WE SHOOT! REMOVE YOURSELF FROM THAT SET!

CALLING KZMX... EEEE!

SI-WAN! WE ARE CAUGHT!

WE FOLLOWED YOUR INSTRUCTIONS, EMINENCE, AND CAUGHT THEM RED-HANDED!

IT IS GOOD! TAKE THE GIRL OUT AND FIND OUT WHO HER INFORMANTS ARE, THEN SHOOT HER!

YOU BEAST! YOU CAN'T DO THAT!

NO? TAKE HER OUT! YOU ARE A FOOL, MR. COY. DID YOU NOT THINK I KNEW YOU WERE COMING. I COULD HAVE TAKEN YOU ANYTIME, BUT I WISHED TO TAKE SI-WAN. ER, I HAVE AN OFFER YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN.

AN OFFER? THE MIGHTY HSIN KUANG WOULD MAKE ME AN OFFER? WHAT IS

THIS... I WILL PAY YOU TEN THOUSAND AMERICAN DOLLARS TO SEND A MESSAGE TO YOUR GOVERNMENT THAT I AM A LOYAL NATIONALIST. IF YOU DON'T I WILL KILL YOU. THERE IS REALLY VERY LITTLE CHOICE.

IF I PRETEND TO AGREE I MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET THE TRUTH THROUGH. MIGHT AS WELL TRY, INSTEAD OF TRYING TO LOSE...



WELL, MR. COY, WHAT DO YOU SAY. I HAVE NOT ALL DAY! MAKE UP YOUR MIND!

SPEAK! DID YOU NOT HEAR HIS EMINENCE?

WELL, I MIGHT HAVE ACCEPTED YOUR OFFER, BUT YOUR MEN HAVE SMASHED THE RADIO. THERE IS NO WAY TO GET A MESSAGE OUT.

SO! COULD YOU REPAIR THIS SET FROM A REGULAR RADIO? I HAVE ONE IN MY TRAILER. SPEAK, DOG!

YES, I MIGHT. THEY ONLY BROKE THE TUBES AND A COIL. WHERE IS YOUR TRAILER?

COME WITH ME, AMERICAN. I WILL SHOW YOU.





**AN HOUR LATER...**

THE SET IS READY HSIN, BUT I WILL NOT SEND THE MESSAGE UNLESS YOU PROMISE TO FREE SI-WAN UNHARMED.

VERY WELL, COY, I AGREE. IT IS OF NO MATTER...REMEMBER AT THE SLIGHTEST HINT OF TREACHERY A BULLET GOES THROUGH YOUR HEAD!

I'VE GOT TO SEND IT AND GET HSIN SOME OTHER WAY. IF I'M CUT OFF THEY'LL NEVER KNOW ONE WAY OR THE OTHER.

WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

SILENCE! THEY MIGHT HEAR YOU!



**MINUTES LATER...**

...AND ALL EVIDENCE SHOWS THAT HSIN KUANG IS A LOYAL NATIONALIST. OVER.

WELL DONE, MR. COY. MY CONGRATULATIONS.

GOOD WORK, COY, WE'LL SEND THE NEWS OUT RIGHT AWAY. SEE YOU WHEN YOU GET BACK. SIGNING OFF.



EXCELLENCE, MR. COY. SI-WAN HAS BEEN EXECUTED AS ORDERED!

VERY REGRETABLE, MR. COY BUT I COULD NOT HAVE HER

WHAT! YOU RUNNING AROUND TALKING. NOW YOU WILL PUT MY SET IN ORDER AND I WILL LEAVE!



YOU HAVE A SURPRISE COMING, YOUR DOUBLE-CROSSING EXCELLENCE! NOW, LET ME SEE... THIS IS THE WIRE FROM THE BATTERY...

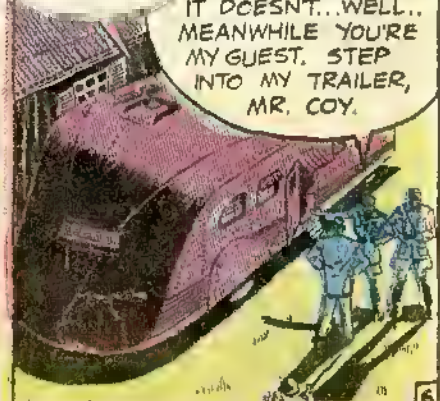
LUCKY I HAD THIS STUFF ON ME. THERE'S ENOUGH OF THIS PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE TO BLOW TWO OF THESE TRAILERS SKY HIGH. I'D HATE TO BE THERE WHEN MR. HSIN TURNS ON HIS RADIO!



**LATER...**

YOUR SET IS IN ORDER. NOW, WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO WITH ME?

HOLD YOU AS A HOSTAGE, NATURALLY. I WANT TO BE SURE THAT MATERIAL ARRIVES. UNTIL IT DOES YOU WILL BE QUITE COMFORTABLE. IF IT DOESN'T...WELL... MEANWHILE YOU'RE MY GUEST. STEP INTO MY TRAILER, MR. COY.





GIVE ORDERS TO THE TROOPS THAT WE LEAVE IMMEDIATELY.

YES, EXCELLENCY.

NOW I'M IN FOR IT, HOW AM I GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS ONE?

**M**OMENTS LATER THEY LEAVE AND COY IS FACED WITH CERTAIN DEATH THE MOMENT THE RADIO IS TURNED ON...

YOU LIKE MY LITTLE HOME ON WHEELS? IT HAS EVERY LUXURY...BUT ENOUGH OF THAT... LET US TALK OF TODAY, SOON THE MATERIAL WILL BE DELIVERED AND BE USED FOR US. VERY

AMUSING.



YOU AMERICANS AND YOUR NATIONALIST FRIENDS WILL BE DRIVEN FROM THE LAND, YOUR COUNTRY WILL LOSE FACE FOREVER IN ASIA. NEVER AGAIN WILL THEY BE TRUSTED.

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT, Hsin. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FAR BETTER IF YOU WERE DEAD.

HO, HO, FROM YOUR POINT OF VIEW IT IS TRUE, MY DEATH WOULD BE THE END OF MY ARMY. IT IS I AND I ALONE WHO HOLD THEM TOGETHER.

YES, BUT ENOUGH OF THIS TALK, I AM CAUGHT AND I ADMIT IT. I DON'T WISH TO THINK ABOUT IT. LET ME TEST YOUR RADIO.

VERY WELL, TURN IT ON, LET US HEAR THE NEWS OF MY VICTORY!

HSIN, YOUR VICTORY WILL BE

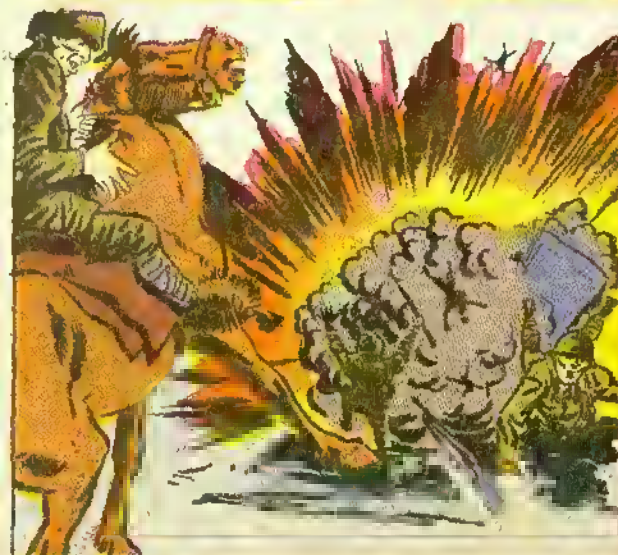
SHORT. THERE ARE MANY OTHERS WHO WILL CARRY THE NEWS OF YOUR BETRAYAL TO THE OUTSIDE, BUT YOU WILL NOT BE HERE TO KNOW OF IT.

GOODBY, TRAITOR!



THE DEVILS HAVE TAKEN Hsin! WE ARE LOST! AIEEE!

AND SO, WITH A FLICK OF A SWITCH BRETT COY ENDED THE LIFE OF A DOUBLE-DEALING TYRANT AND SAVED HIS COUNTRY FROM A DIPLOMATIC BLOW IT MIGHT NEVER HAVE RECOVERED FROM AT THE EXPENSE OF HIS OWN. A TRUE HERO OF MODERN TIMES, COY'S BRAVE DEED IS COMMEMORATED BY A BRASS PLAQUE IN WASHINGTON AS AN OUTSTANDING EXAMPLE OF DUTY ABOVE EVERYTHING...





# CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS

On the morning of March 9, 1951, Captain Raymond Harvey of Pasadena, California, was ordered to take his rifle company and fill a gap in the line. He and his men were further ordered to knock out enemy positions which were bringing fire to bear on a neighboring company from positions in the gap.

Captain Harvey led his men cautiously forward until he reached a position approaching the crest of a ridge. Then, covered by crackling fire from the third platoon, he led the first platoon close to the enemy positions. But the advance was stopped by the deadly chatter of a North Korean machine gun.

The machine gun nest was just ahead of the pinned-down platoon, and two of Captain Harvey's men attempted to storm it and destroy the position. But the enemy emplacement spoke once, and then again, and each time the gun coughed one of Captain Harvey's men went down.

Captain Harvey then ran from his semi-protected position in the defile where he had waited, and zig-zagging his way up to the North Korean machine-gun nest, he threw grenades into the emplacement, destroying all the enemy within. Then, exposed to a hail of deadly automatic weapons and machine gun fire, he proceeded to the edge of the machine gun position. On the enemy soldiers manning this emplacement he used his carbine,

knocking off several of them before they knew what had happened, and getting rid of the third just as the soldier had reached his machine gun and was swinging it toward the courageous captain.

When he had wiped out the last remnant of resistance in the second machine gun nest, Captain Harvey waved his first platoon forward. But upon reaching the top of the ridge which he had so strenuously won, the infantry officer discovered to his dismay that several well-entrenched enemy positions on the other side prevented their further advance.



The intrepid captain then moved swiftly down the slope, firing his carbine as he dodged along, and knocking out the closest enemy position. He fought his way to a foxhole in which five of the enemy soldiers were under log cover. Keeping up a steady stream of fire with his carbine, he advanced close to the position.

When he was near enough to insure accuracy he rolled a grenade into the foxhole, killing all five of the enemy.

This accomplished, he turned to call for first Lieutenant Richard C. Rogers, his second-in-command. It was at this point that he was hit in the lung. Lieutenant Rogers dragged him back through enemy fire until they reached the ridge, where an attempt was made to evacuate him to a rear area. However, the wounded officer refused to allow his men to take him away from the scene of the battle. He continued to give his aide instructions in directing the neutralizing of the remaining enemy positions.

Only when the tide of battle was decidedly running with his men and he was satisfied that the enemy positions could be taken would he allow his corpsmen to evacuate him to less troubled territory.

For choosing in so exemplary a manner to risk his own life to protect those of the men who served under him, Captain Raymond Harvey earned the right to wear the highest award for courage our country can give, the CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR. To date thirty-one such awards have been given in the Korean war. Captain Harvey is one of the nine men who are alive to tell how they won their medals; the other twenty-two soldiers perished in the action for which they were cited.